In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,
And rotten times that you ſhall looke vpon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors:
For when his head-ſtrong riot hath no curbe,
VVhen rage and hot bloud are his counſellors,
VVhen meanes and lauiſh manners meete together,
Oh with what wings ſhal his affections flie,
Towards fronting peril and oppoſde decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite,
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue wherein to gaine the language:
Tis needfull that the moſt immodeſt word,
Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,
Your highneſſe knowes comes to no further vſe,
But to be knowne and hated: ſo, like groſſe termes,
The prince will in the perfectneſſe of time,
Caſt off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern, or a meaſure liue,
By which his grace muſt mete the liues of other,
Turning paſt-euils to aduantages.

King 'Tis ſeldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
In the dead carion: who's here, Weſtmerland?

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. Health to my ſoueraigne, and new happineſſe
Added to that that I am to deliuer,
Prince Iohn your ſonne doth kiſſe your graces hand.
Mowbray, the Biſhop, Scroope, Haſtings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law:
There is not now a rebels ſword vnſheathd,
But Peace puts forth her oliue euery where.
The manner how this action hath bin borne,
Here at more leiſure may your highneſſe reade,
With euery courſe in his particular.

King O Weſtmerland, thou art a ſummer bird,
VVhich euer in the haunch of winter ſings
The liſting vp of day: looke heres more newes. *enter Harcor. Hare.*

Harc. From enemies, heauens
And when they ſtand againſt you
As thoſe that I am come to tell yo
The Earle Northumberland, and t
With a great power of Engliſh, an
Are by the ſhrieue of Yorkſhire o
The manner, and true order of the
This packet, pleaſe it you, containe

Ki. And wherfore ſhould theſe
Will Fortune neuer come with bo
But wet her faire words ſtil in foul
She either giues a ſtomach, and no
Such are the poore in health: or el
And takes away the ſtomach, ſuch
That haue aboundance, and enioy
I ſhould reioyce now at this happy
Aud now my ſight failes, and my b
O me, come neare me, now I am m

Hum. Comfort your maieſty.

Clar. O my royall father!

Weſt. My ſoueraigne Lord, ch

War. Be patient princes, you d
Are with his highneſſe very ordina
Stand from him, giue him ayre, hee

Clar. No, no, he cannot long ho
Th'inceſſant care and labour of his
Hath wrought the Mure that ſhou
So thin that life lookes through.

Hum. The people feare me, fo
Vnfather'd heires, and lothly birth
The ſeaſons change their manners,
Had found ſome moneths a ſleepe,

Clar. The riuer hath thrice flow
And the old folk, (Times doting c
Say, it did ſo a little time before
That our great grandſire Edward,